



WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# JACK-BOX COMICS

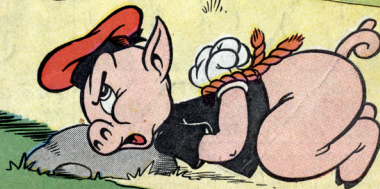


INCORPORATING  
YELLOWJACKET  
COMICS

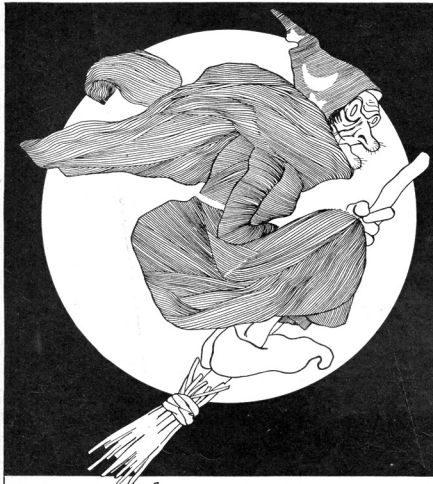
10¢



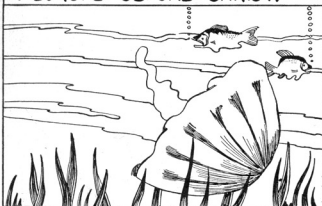
I WARN YOU,  
MR. WOLF---IF YOU DO THIS  
TO ME---I'LL NEVER SPEAK  
TO YOU AGAIN !



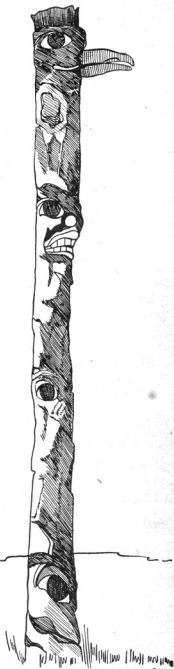




**HALLOWEEN IS STRICTLY AN  
AMERICAN FESTIVAL.**  
IT WAS A PAGAN FESTIVAL- CELEBRATED  
IN EUROPE BEFORE CHRIST.



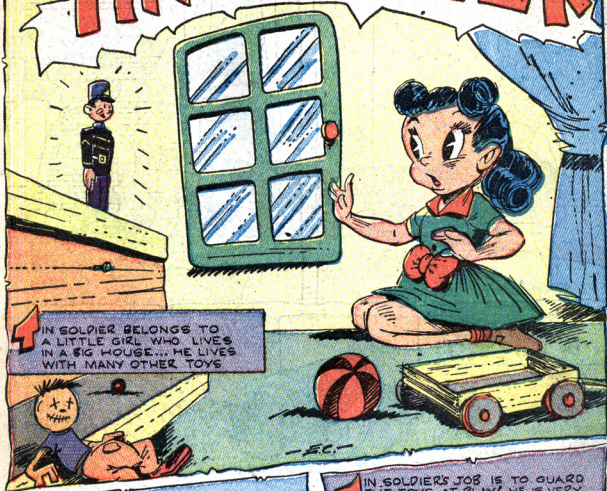
**ARE JELLYFISH FISH?**  
**THEY ARE NOT FISH THEY HAVE  
NO BLOOD NOR BONES.**



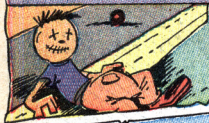
**TOTEM POLES ARE  
IDOLS?**  
*ARE THEY OR AREN'T THEY?*  
**TO THE INDIANS THEY ARE  
NEITHER IDOLS NOR GODS.**



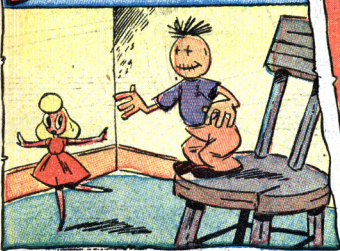
# The TIN SOLDIER



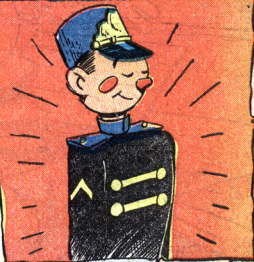
**T**IN SOLDIER BELONGS TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVES IN A BIG HOUSE... HE LIVES WITH MANY OTHER TOYS



**B**UT AT NIGHT WHEN NO HUMANS ARE ABOUT... TOYS LIVE AND SCAMPER ABOUT THE HOUSE

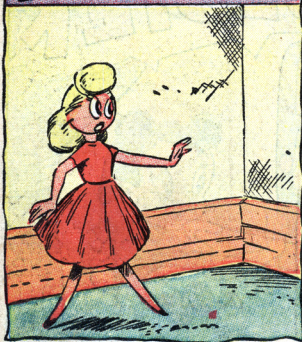


**T**IN SOLDIER'S JOB IS TO GUARD THE TOYS AT PLAY! HE IS VERY PROUD OF HIMSELF...

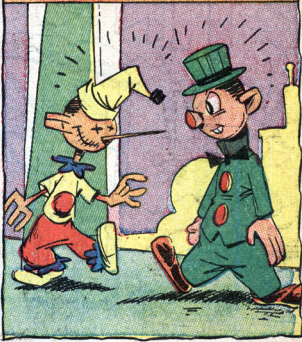




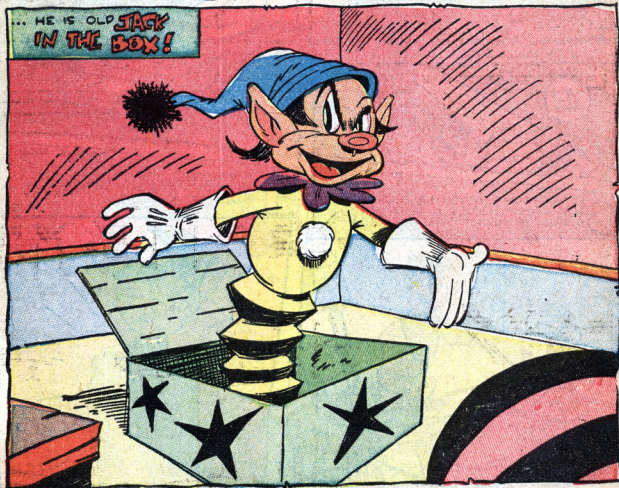
**T**IN SOLDIER IS IN LOVE WITH ARIA,  
THE DANCING DOLL ... SHE IS VERY  
BEAUTIFUL...



**A**LL OF THE TOYS ARE VERY GOOD...  
EXCEPT ONE...

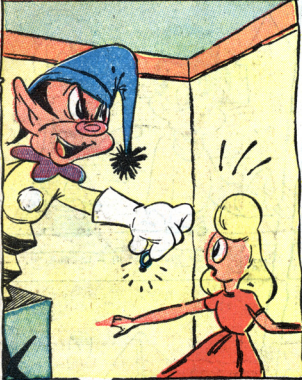


... HE IS OLD JACK  
IN THE BOX!

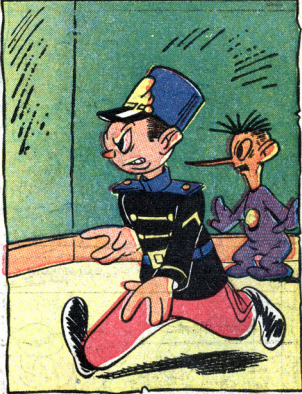




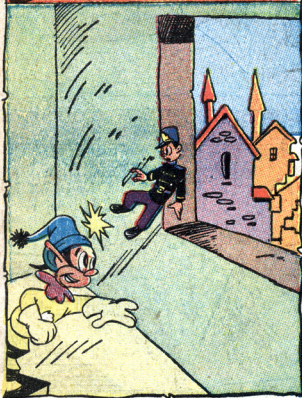
**O**NE NIGHT AS THE TOYS ARE PLAYING... OLD JACK IN THE BOX STEALS A RING FROM LITTLE ARIA THE DANCING GIRL...



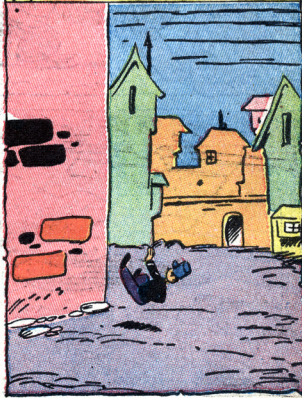
**W**HEN TIN SOLDIER HEARS OF THIS HE IS VERY MAD! AND HE GOES TO GET HER RING!



**B**UT JACK IN THE BOX POPS UP AND KNOCKS HIM OUT THE WINDOW...

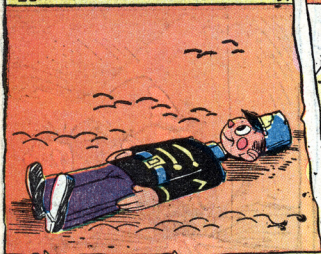


**A**ND TIN SOLDIER FALLS TO THE PAVEMENT...

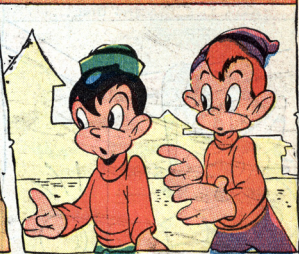




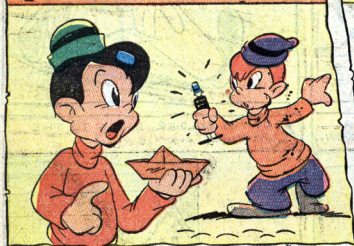
**H** E BECOMES A TOY AGAIN!



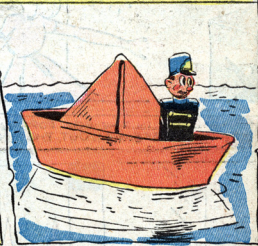
**T** WO BOYS FIND HIM IN THE STREET!



**T** HEY DECIDE TO HAVE SOME FUN! ...



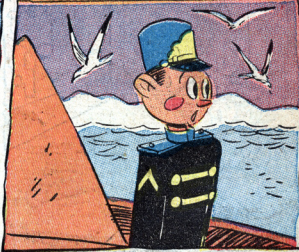
...AND THEY PUT HIM IN A LITTLE PAPER BOAT!



**T** HEY SAIL HIM OUT INTO THE OCEAN!



**P** OOR TIN SOLDIER!





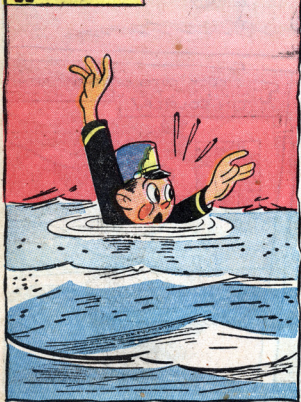
**T**HE LITTLE BOAT IS UPSET IN THE STORMY SEA...



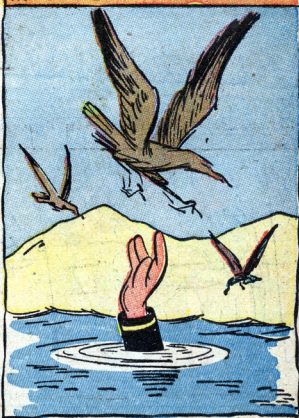
...AND TIN SOLDIER FALLS INTO THE WATER!



**H**E TRIES TO SWIM BUT HE IS MADE OF TIN AND...

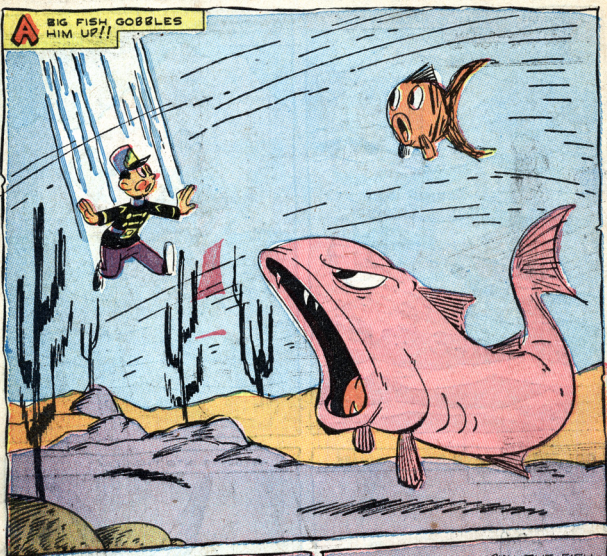


... HE SINKS INTO THE SEA!

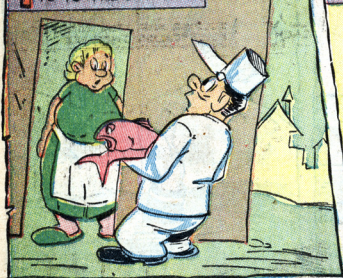




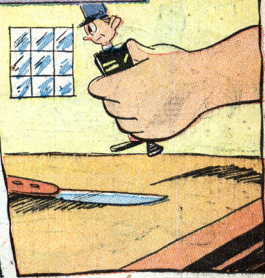
**A** BIG FISH GOBBLES HIM UP!!



**T**HE NEXT DAY A MAN DELIVERS FISH TO TO THE BIG HOUSE.



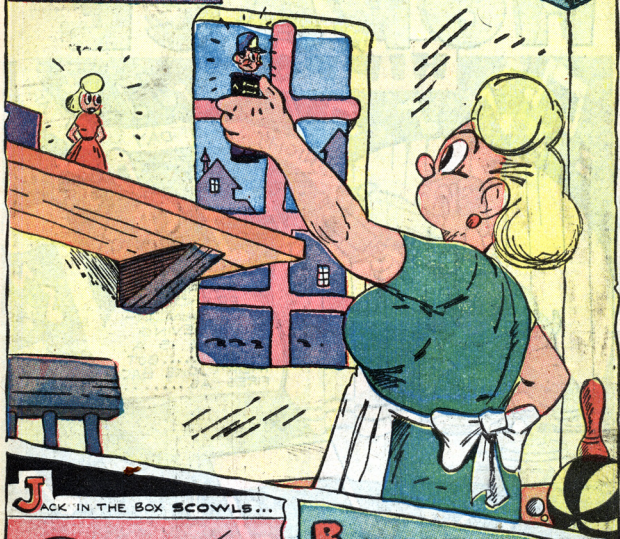
**T**HE COOK CUTS OPEN THE FISH AND FINDS THE LOST TOY — TIN SOLDIER!



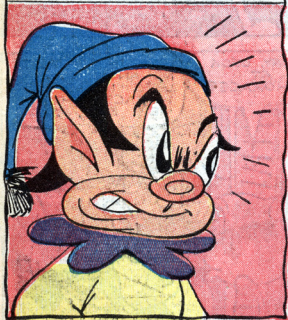


PRINCE LOT 10

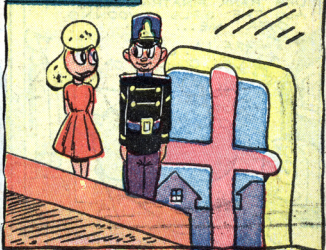
**S**HE PLACES TIN SOLDIER BACK  
ON THE TOY SHELF!



**J**ACK 'N THE BOX SCOWLS...



**B**UT TIN SOLDIER AND ARIA WINK AT  
EACH OTHER... BECAUSE THEY ARE  
VERY HAPPY!

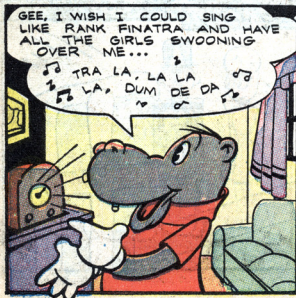


Walt Disney

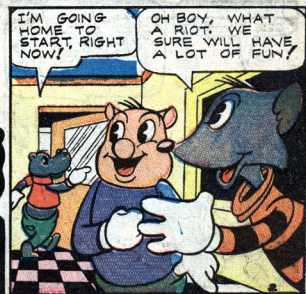
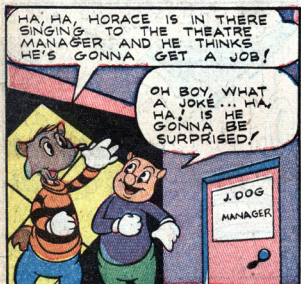
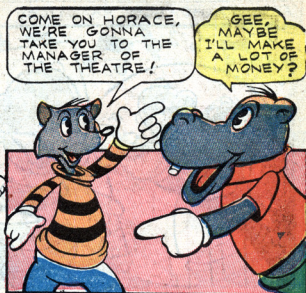


# HORACE

## HIPPO

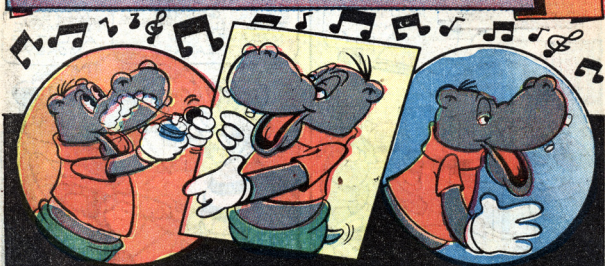




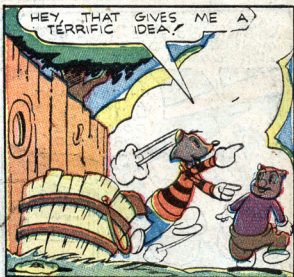




AND SO HORACE PRACTICES FOR THE BIG NIGHT...



IN THE MEANTIME...



SOMETIME LATER...

GOLLY, ALL THESE VEGETABLES COST US PLENTY OF MONEY... BUT IT WILL BE WORTH IT!

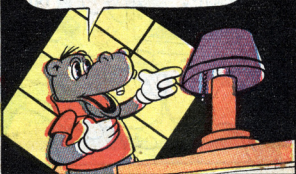
YOU SAID IT!



MEANWHILE HORACE KEEPS ON PRACTISING...

WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I'LL BE GREATER THAN THAT FINATRA GUY?

TRA, LA, LA, DE LA  
DUM, DE, LA



HELLO HORACE, WE'RE BACK. HOW ABOUT SINGING A SONG FOR US!

C'MON HORACE, LET'S HEAR YOU SING!

O.K. HERE GOES



GOSH, DOES HE STINK!

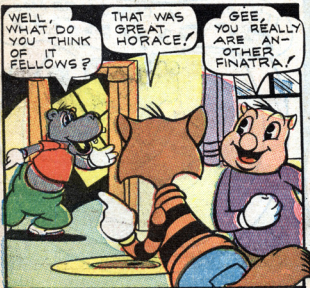
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT FELLOWS?

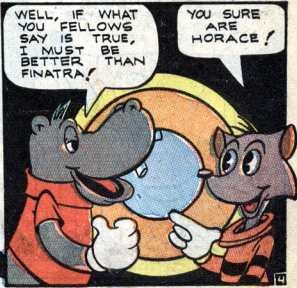
THAT WAS GREAT HORACE!

GEE, YOU REALLY ARE AN-OTHER FINATRA!

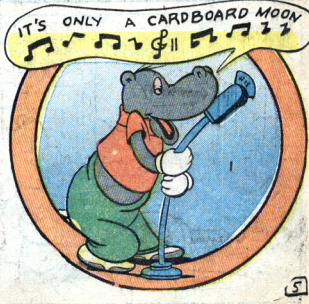
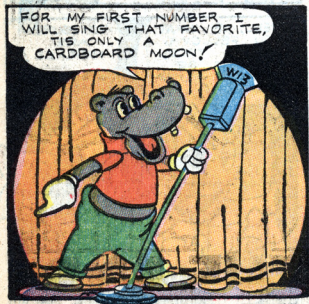
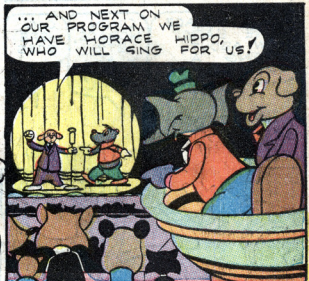
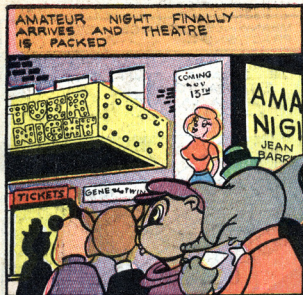


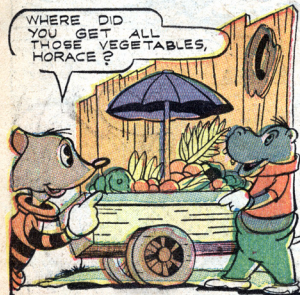
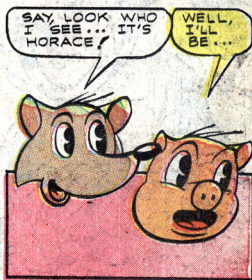
WELL, IF WHAT YOU FELLOWS SAY IS TRUE, I MUST BE BETTER THAN FINATRA!

YOU SURE ARE HORACE!





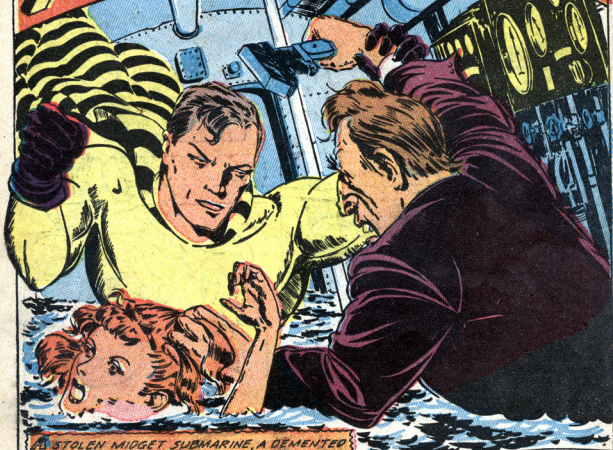




**THE END**



# YELLOWJACKET



A STOLEN MIDGET SUBMARINE, A DEMENTED INVENTOR, A QUIET FISHING TRIP, AND AN UNDERWATER ESCAPE ALL SPELL LOTS OF EXCITEMENT WHEN THE VALIANT YELLOWJACKET GETS TIED UP IN THE ADVENTURE OF "THE SUBMARINE THAT VANISHED!"

LET ME ROCK YOU TO SLEEP! HO, HO, THE SUBMARINE IS MINE! IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET INTO ONE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! HO, HO!

BUT--THESE PAPERS AREN'T--  
---OH!!

AT A LONELY PIER ON THE WATERFRONT--

HALT! WHO'S THERE?

I'M THE SUBMARINE EXPERT TO LOOK OVER THE EXPERIMENTAL MIDGET CRAFT! MY NAME IS SIMON LARK! HERE ARE MY PAPERS!



BUT WHAT HAS ALL THIS TO DO WITH VINCE HARLEY, WHO IS YELLOWJACKET, AND DIANE CARTER, HIS GIRL FRIEND?

THIS IS THE LIFE  
ALL RIGHT,  
ALL RIGHT!

VINCE, STOP  
BEING SO  
CORNY! BUT  
IT IS NICE!

BOY! THIS MAKES ME SPOUT  
POETRY... "A LOAF OF BREAD,  
A JUG OF WINE, AND THOU  
BESIDE ME..." HOW'S THAT?

OH, MR. HARLEY...  
THIS IS SO SUDDEN...  
OH!

LOOK... IT'S...  
IT'S... A... A...

GULP! I'M GOING TO GET  
MY EYES EXAMINED! THAT  
LOOKS LIKE A SUBMARINE!

SOMEBODY'S COMING  
OUT OF THAT  
CONTRAPTION!

IT'S SO SMALL!  
ISN'T IT CUTE?

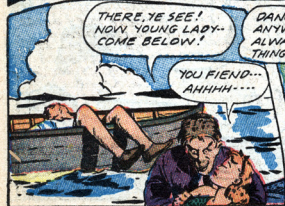
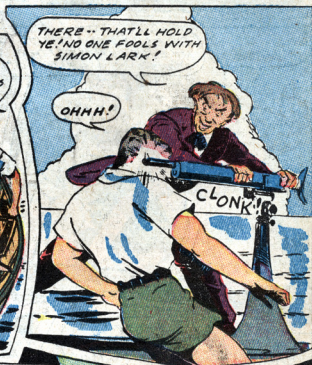
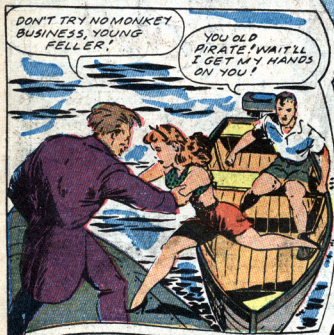
HULLO!

HMMPH! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
ON MY OCEAN?

GUESS THAT  
MUST BE  
FATHER  
NEPTUNE!

HA! THIS GUN  
IS LOADED! GOOD!  
NOW YOU TWO--I'M  
GOING TO ASK THE YOUNG  
LADY ABOARD! I NEED A  
PASSENGER  
FOR MY  
EXPERIMENT!

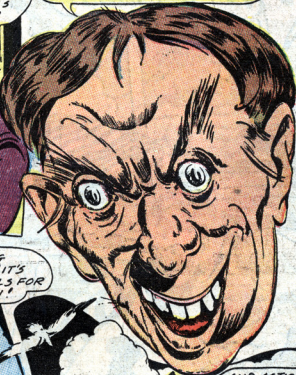
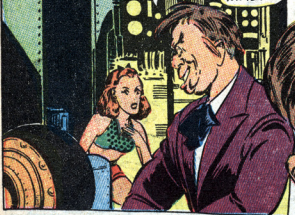




WHERE--WHO  
ARE YOU?

I'M SIMON LARK! I  
AM THE GREATEST  
SUBMARINE DESIGNER  
IN THE WORLD--BUT  
THEY STOLE ALL MY  
IDEAS! THEY LOCKED ME  
UP AND SAID I WAS  
MAD!

MAD, AM I? THIS MIDGET SUB IS MY OWN  
DESIGN! IT HASN'T BEEN TESTED YET! WHEN I  
READ THAT THEY WERE GOING TO TEST IT, I  
ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM! NOW I SHALL  
CONDUCT THE TRIAL RUN! I SHALL BE VINDI-  
CATED! WE WILL SUBMERGE!



LATER--

OH--MY ACHING  
HEAD! THE SUB! IT'S  
GONE! THIS CALLS FOR  
ACTION!



AND ACTION  
MEANS YELLOW-  
JACKET GETS TO  
WORK! BEES  
TO ME!



THE HIGHLY TRAINED BEES ANSWER  
THEIR MASTER'S CALL!

BEES!  
LOCATE  
THAT  
SUBMARINE!

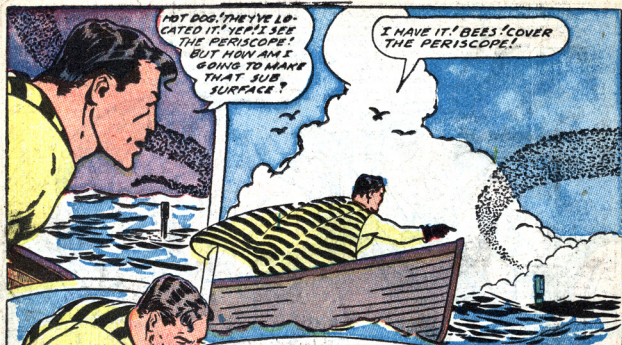


LIKE A FLEET OF OBSERVATION  
PLANES, THE BEE'S OBEY THEIR ORDERS!

THERE THEY GO! I'LL  
FOLLOW THEM! IF  
THAT SUB CAN BE  
FOUND, MY FAITH-  
FUL BEES WILL  
FIND THEM!







HOT DOG! THEY'VE LOCATED IT! YEP! I SEE THE PERISCOPE! BUT HOW AM I GOING TO MAKE THAT SUB SURFACE?

I HAVE IT! BEES! COVER THE PERISCOPE!



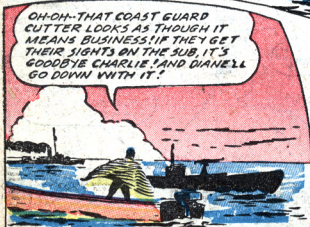
THE BEES ON THE 'SCOPE WILL BLIND THAT OLD CODGER, AND HE'LL HAVE TO SURFACE TO CLEAN THE 'SCOPE! WHEN HE DOES, HE'S GETTING A VISITOR NAMED YELLOWJACKET!

MEANWHILE, ON THE BRIDGE OF A NEARBY COAST GUARD CUTTER-



PERISCOPE TWO POINTS OFF THE STARBOARD!

THAT MUST BE THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR! GUN CREW! ACTION STATIONS! BOB! UN, SOUND GENERAL QUARTERS!



OH-OH-THAT COAST GUARD CUTTER LOOKS AS THOUGH IT MEANS BUSINESS! IF THEY GET THEIR SIGHTS ON THE SUB, IT'S GOODBYE CHARLIE! AND DIANE'LL GO DOWN WITH IT!



I HATE TO DO THIS--BUT I MUST TO SAVE DIANE! BEES! GET THOSE GUNNERS!

THE BEES HASTEN TO CARRY OUT THEIR MASTER'S COMMAND BUT NOT UNTIL---

BAAROOM

FIRE!

THESE DARN BEES!

ENGINEER! FULL SPEED! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS LOCATION! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK FROM A SWARM OF BEES! VERY UNUSUAL!

MEANWHILE AS THE CUTTER'S SHELL EXPLODES AGAINST THE SUB---

THEY'RE SHOOTIN'! I'M SUBMERGIN'!

OH, NO, MY LAD! NOT SO FAST!

WITH A WILD LEAP, YELLOWJACKET MAKES THE SUBMARINE'S DECK---

MAKE ME!

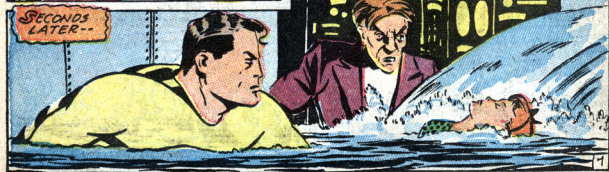
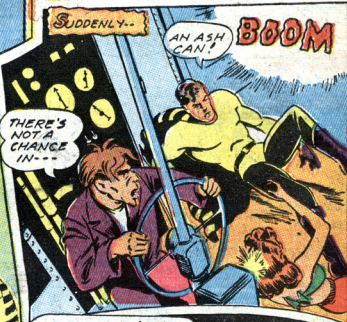
LET GO OF THAT HATCH!

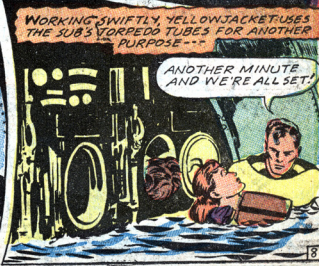
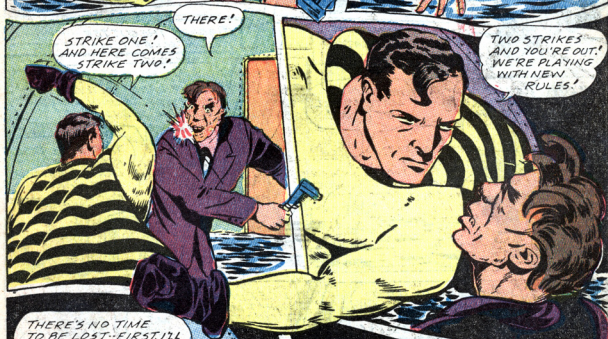
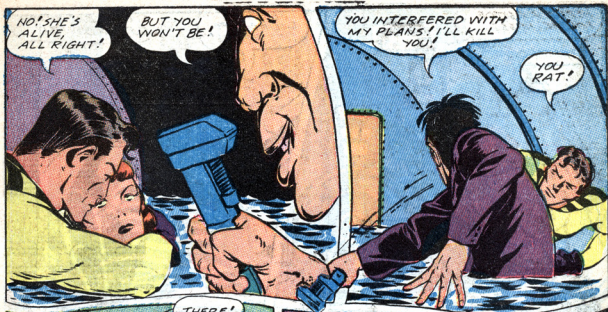
THERE'RE MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO SKIN A CAT!

OOMP!

I'LL GET THIS ONE DOWN BELOW! MUST SUBMERGE FAST! THAT CONFOUNDED CUTTER IS GETTING SET FOR ANOTHER SHOT!









THERE--THEY'LL  
PLUMMET TO THE  
SURFACE! NOW FOR  
THE ESCAPE HATCH!

TORPEDO  
RELEASE

I SURE HOPE  
THIS WORKS!

ESCAPE  
HATCH

THE ESCAPE HATCH  
WORKS AND---

ON BOARD THE CUTTER ----  
YELLOWJACKET TELLS THE STORY--

INCREDIBLE! WE'VE RADIOED  
ABOUT LARK! FORTUNATELY  
YOU TWO ARE UNINJURED--  
BUT THE SUB IS LOST!

YEEOW! SUNLIGHT!  
AND BETTER STILL--  
A BOAT FROM THE  
CUTTER TO PICK  
US UP!

HANG ON,  
MATE! WE'LL  
GET YOU!

THAT'S ALL THERE  
IS, CAPTAIN! POOR  
LARK IS AS MAD  
AS A MARCH  
HARE!

WELL, BABY, WE DID IT  
AGAIN! YOU SURE DO  
GET INTO THE  
WORST MESSES!

HUH?

I GUESS  
THEY WANT  
TO BE ALONE!

I GET INTO THE  
WORST MESSES--WELL  
I LIKE THAT--LET ME  
TELL YOU SOME THING--  
--BLAH--BLAH--  
BLAH---

WON'T I  
EVER LEARN  
TO KEEP MY  
BIG MOUTH  
SHUT??

# ANYBODY'S GUESS!



## HANGMAN VINES

A TWINING PLANT  
FOUND IN S.W. PART  
OF COSTA RICA, SAID  
TO STRANGLE HUMANS.



## WILD GEESSE

MIGRATE FROM NORWAY TO EGYPT  
AND RETURN IN SPRING, TO THE SAME  
NEST. WHY?

## CYCLOPS

OF THE U.S. NAVY LEFT RIO DE JANEIRO FOR  
BALTIMORE .... SIGHTED OFF VIRGINIA CAPES  
ON MAR. 9 1918, THEN DISAPPEARED. A  
19-000 TON SHIP WITH 306 SOULS ON BOARD  
AND WAS LOST WITHOUT A TRACE.



# The Visitor

SOMETIMES the candle flickered, as an orphaned breeze stole through the partly opened window. The streets beyond were dark and empty. Darkened by the night—and emptied by the fear of night. This mattered not to the pair who occupied the small room. One, the man, let his mind and fabled imagination race into the past and mingle with the frightened mobs of history, and their still more frightened masters. He wrote of deeds long forgotten. Of men who were kings. And kings who were men. Beggars in the streets of London. Butchers in the streets of Paris. He wrote furiously. His quill flew over page after page—tirelessly — ever painting, inventing, restoring and sometimes distorting, as each leaden hour stumbled into yesterday. He was a worker, this bearded man of a century ago, who defied the pangs of hunger and sleep in order that his work might live. But his sole companion dozed and sometimes yawned.

The writer gazed broodingly at the tips of the red-pink velvet ears. It was almost as though he expected to find the answer to everything in life, the response to all of his conflicting and devastating thoughts, locked somewhere within those ears. Yes, those eyes, magnetic and brilliant with the light of genius, gazed long and steadily at the slightly flickering tips of his cat's ears. But the answer was not there. He signed heavily and turned again to his desk and his papers and his problem. His furry friend turned and stretched, and arched his back, and turned again before settling.

He was bored perhaps, for cats with uncertain ancestry care little for the ways of men. The graceful little animal lay curled upon the writer's desk. The solitary candle sent crazy little shadows dancing over his copper fur. He yawned, opened his green eyes, looked at his master's deeply lined face, closed his eyes again, and returned to wherever it is that cats go when they enter the land of sleep. Even the sudden burst of gunfire failed to arouse him. Cats, you see, have little imagination.

. . . . .

THE door of the writer's study burst open and a man entered, holding a smoking pistol across his breast much in the manner of a duelist. He looked like something from another world. He was short and unkempt. His ugliness was almost sickening. His face still bore the ravages of smallpox.

His untidy clothes were covered with dust and soaked with sweat. He had come a long way for this meeting. He had dropped two horses on the fields of France. He had been tossed like a cork on the choppy waters of the Channel. He had ridden another beast to death over the silent fields of England. And now—his destination.

But what was this? The elderly man at the writing desk seemed quite undisturbed. And his cat slept on without so much as the twitch of a whisker. The Stranger scowled and tightened his finger on the trigger of his pistol. His voice came harsh and cold.

"A man fires the lock off your door and you greet him as calmly as you would an expected guest. Are your nerves of steel, or does ice water flow in your British veins?"

"Neither, my friend. I've been expecting you, and your dramatic entrance suits you admirably. Quite unnecessary, however. I would gladly have opened the door for you."

The Stranger's face showed his amazement.

"You talk in riddles—a language I am unfamiliar with."

The man at the desk smiled pleasantly.

"Sit down, Mr. Danton—and tell me the story you came to tell."

"You know my name?"

"Yes, I know your name—and so does history. But get on with your tale. My fingers itch to put it to paper."

. . . . .

THE tale was a violent one—full of the howling blood thirsty mobs of the French Revolution—that monstrosities cannibal who so quickly devoured its own children.

The Thing was out of control. Its creators soaked the streets of Paris with blood that sick-

ened all of Europe. Baskets woven by the peasantry caught the perfumed heads of the aristocrats in ever increasing numbers beneath the stained blade of the guillotine. This was a people gone mad with fury and a new found power. The dreaded power of slaves turned upon their masters in History's wildest orgy of murder, plunder and pillage. This was Madame Roland crying out from the depths of her tortured heart:

"Liberty—What crimes are committed in thy name?"

And this was Danton, coming like a ghost from the tomb, to plead the cause of freedom gone wild. He talked on. The kindly bearded man listened and wrote—pausing now and then to run his slender fingers over the soft fur of his pet. The pet neither woke nor stirred—but slumbered on.

"France has given to the World," Mr. Danton went on, "A gift from the very souls of Frenchmen. We have snapped the chains of tyranny which for centuries have given the people of Europe no more freedom than a dog chained to his master's gate. If heads must fall, sir—then let them fall. France will forever hold *her* head high."

The writer paused and stroked his beard with the feathered end of his quill.

"I am not an historian, Mr. Danton," he remarked, "nor yet a judge for you to plead the justice of your cause. I am interested in your facts only as they provide the background for my work. The righteousness of your fight will be determined by God and History—not by a story teller in the safe seclusion of an English village."

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE terrifying figure of Mr. Danton moved with rapid strides across the dimly lighted room to the window on the opposite side. He flung the curtains apart.

"Look at these streets," he roared. "No blood has fallen there. Only the clean rain from your English skies. This is Peace. We had peace in France, too. The peace of chained animals who feed on oppression. That peace has exploded and the very foundations of the earth have rocked. But are we justified, sir? You have the power of the pen. You can tell the world we are justified. England has long drunk the wine of freedom while Frenchmen die of thirst. Tell your countrymen, sir—and may your words echo through the centuries to come—that the Revolution is an instrument of justice! A sword to flash in the sun wherever free

men live—though the brilliance of its blade be stained with blood."

The speaker paused. His words still drummed into the ears of the man who listened. And the man who listened smiled a trifle and gently stroked his sleeping cat.

"You say I have the power of the pen?" he murmured. "Was not the pen the spark that set off this explosion. Am I to throw gunpowder into a fire that is already out of control? Mr. Danton, your visit flatters me. But I am a story teller who deals in fiction—not an apologist—nor one to condemn events and men long dead. My pen would rather tell of the laughter of children, than the tears of Marie-Antoinette."

"Tears?" the visitor shouted. "Do you pity the tears of Antoinette and not the tears of France? I heeded the call of my Country—and of future civilization. I helped create this thing you call *The Terror*—and I, too, was devoured by its ravenous appetite. I came from the grave to plead with you sir, for understanding and sympathy. Not for me—but for the Things for which I fought. Listen to the pounding of your heart. Pound—pound—*pound*—like the drums at the foot of the guillotine. It demands you tell the unborn generations yet to come a tale of a new freedom in one land—and support of its ideals in another—a tale of two cities."

The voice did not stop suddenly. It vanished into nothingness, syllable by syllable—and the man at the writing desk snapped his grey head back and looked about him. The room was empty, safe for him and his feline companion. His door was bolted. Nothing disturbed. The dream visitor from the world beyond had disappeared. He had returned to the vault of his story.

\* \* \* \* \*

**H**E was tired—dreadfully so. But this story must be completed. A few more lines, a few more words of immortal dialogue and the job was done. His pen raced on. It told of a man mounting the steps of the scaffold—and pausing as the terrible knife rose toward the sky. He was speaking—not to the mobs—not to man—but to God.

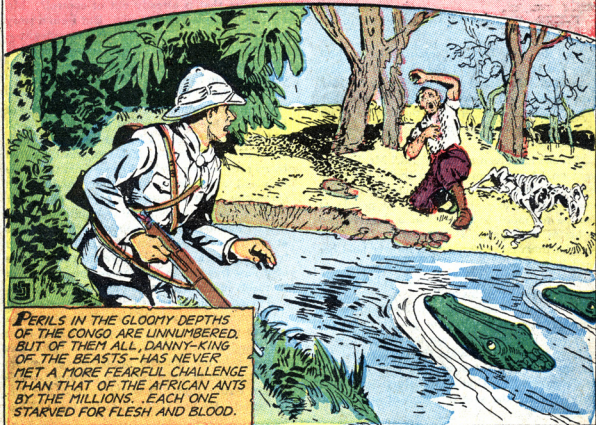
"I do a far, far better thing that I have ever done. I go to a far, far better rest than I have ever known."

The author dropped his pen. His head fell forward. Over his newly completed manuscript, Charles Dickens fell into a deep and restful sleep. The candle was snuffed out. A cat of uncertain ancestry licked its slightly singed paw.

**THE END**



# KING *of The* BEASTS



PERILS IN THE GLOOMY DEPTHS OF THE CONGO ARE UNNUMBERED. BUT OF THEM ALL, DANNY-KING OF THE BEASTS—HAS NEVER MET A MORE FEARFUL CHALLENGE THAN THAT OF THE AFRICAN ANTS BY THE MILLIONS...EACH ONE STARVED FOR FLESH AND BLOOD.

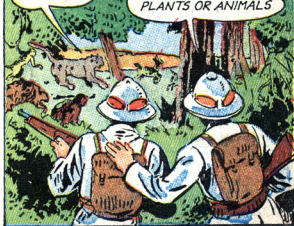
IN THE JUNGLE WHERE LIFE ALWAYS HANGS BY A THREAD, SOME SIXTH SENSE HAS A WAY OF WARNING WILD LIFE OF IMPENDING DISASTER.....

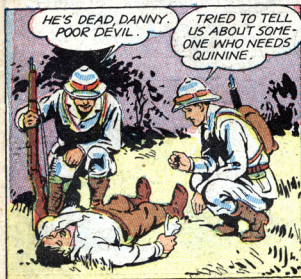
LOOK AT THEM GO.



MUST BE THE ANT PLAGUE.. COMING CLOSER

NO WONDER THEY'RE RUNNING. IT'S SURE DEATH TO BE CAUGHT IN THEIR PATH...FOR PLANTS OR ANIMALS







**SHORTLY, AT THE TRADING POST OF ONE JOSE FERRAGO.....**

THERE'S JOSE NOW, CHAD.

I'LL GET SOME QUININE AND WE'LL SHOVE OFF... WE'VE GOT TO HURRY IF WE'RE TO BEAT THE ANTS.



WHY, DANNY... WHAT'S ZEE TROUBLE?

A MAN'S BEEN MURDERED... THAT'S ALL... AND WE'VE GOT TO GET HELP TO A FRIEND OF HIS BEFORE THE ANT PLAGUE REACHES HIM.



GOT TO BORROW ONE OF YOUR CANOES, JOSE... GET SOME OF YOUR MEN TO PICK UP THE BODY OF THE DEAD MAN BACK ALONG THE TRAIL.

UH, SURE. I VERY SURPRISED ABOUT THEES MURDER BEESNUS SO CLOSE TO POST.



**LATER, ON THE RIVER.....**

I DUNNO BUT WHAT WE'D MAKE BETTER TIME OVERLAND... THESE RAPIDS ARE GOING TO SLOW US UP.

BUT DON'T FORGET THE ANTS, DANNY.



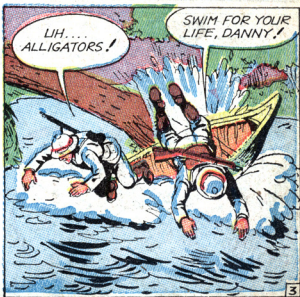
THE PLAGUE IS HEADED FOR THE RIVER, AND WE...

WATCH OUT, CHAD... THAT TREE.



UH.... ALLIGATORS!

SWIM FOR YOUR LIFE, DANNY!





QUICK, UP  
ONTO THE BANK.

WHEW!  
THOSE OLD  
SAURIANS  
SURE LOOK  
HUNGRY.



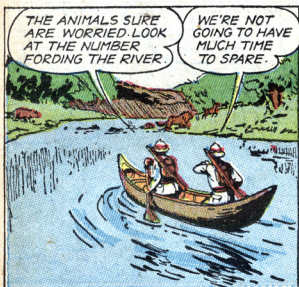
LUCKY I STILL  
HAVE THE  
QUININE.

I WONDER  
IF THAT  
TREE FELL  
BY CHANCE,  
OR IF SOME-  
ONE CUT IT.



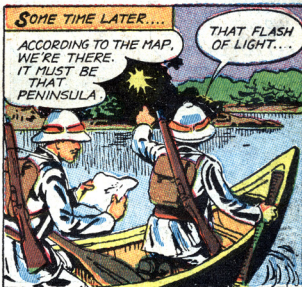
IMAGINATION,  
DANNY.  
WHO'D FELL  
A TREE ON  
US?

DON'T FOR-  
GET, CHAD....  
A MAN HAS  
BEEN MUR-  
DERED AND  
WE'RE MIXED  
UP IN HIS  
BUSINESS.



THE ANIMALS SURE  
ARE WORRIED. LOOK  
AT THE NUMBER  
FORDING THE RIVER.

WE'RE NOT  
GOING TO HAVE  
MUCH TIME  
TO SPARE.



SOME TIME LATER....

ACCORDING TO THE MAP,  
WE'RE THERE.  
IT MUST BE  
THAT  
PENINSULA.

THAT FLASH  
OF LIGHT....



QUICK!  
INTO  
SHORE!

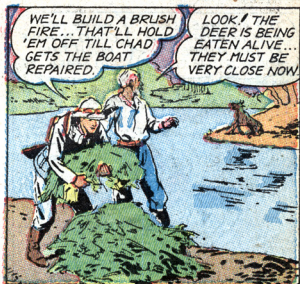
SOMEONE SHOOTING  
WITH HIGH POWERED  
RIFLE FROM UP THERE.

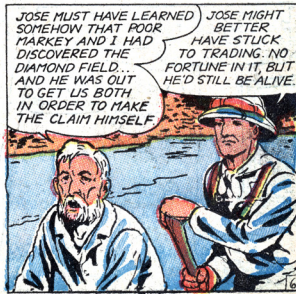
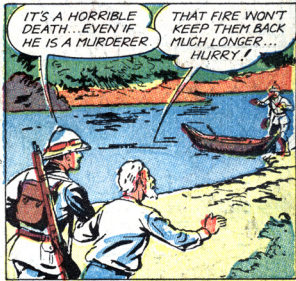
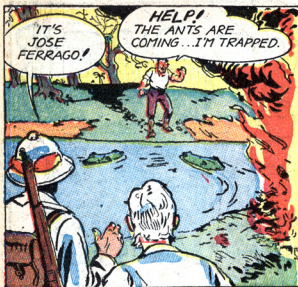


MADE IT! WE  
WERE A COUPLE  
OF SITTING DUCKS  
THERE FOR A  
MINUTE.

BUT LOOK AT THE  
BOAT... IT'S GOT TO  
BE REPAIRED BE-  
FORE WE CAN USE  
IT AGAIN.









# JACK HORNER

MY WHAT A BIG PIE  
THIS IS!

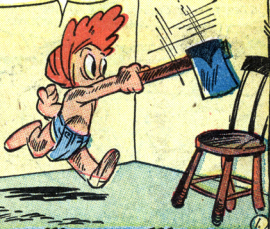


KEEP  
AWAY!

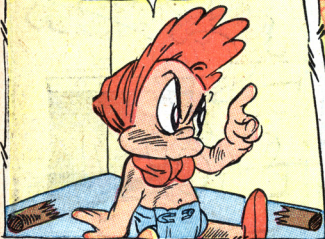
LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN  
A CORNER THINKING OF  
SOMEWAY TO TORTURE HIS  
MOTHER...

LET ME SEE -  
I COULD BREAK  
ALL THE WINDOWS!

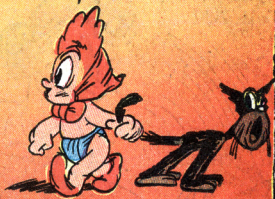
NO - THAT WOULD BE MEAN -  
I WILL CHOP UP THE CHAIRS  
INSTEAD!



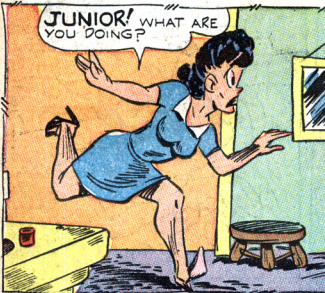
THERE! NOW I WILL KILL  
MY PUSSY CAT!



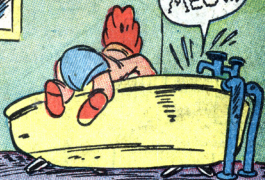
I WILL **BROWN** HIM IN THE  
BATH TUB!



JUNIOR! WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?



OH JUST TEACHING  
THE CAT TO DROWN-ER-A-  
-SWIM!



MEOW!

JUNIOR! YOU BAD LITTLE  
BRAT! NO I  
ISN'T!

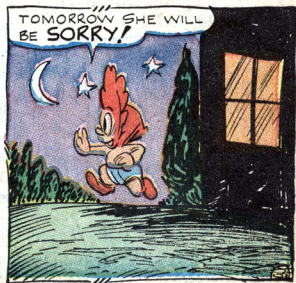
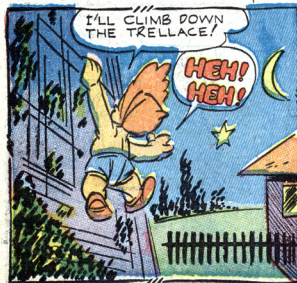
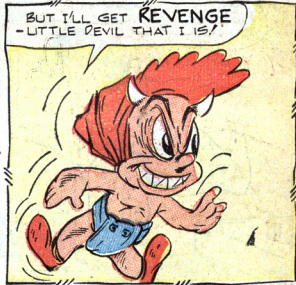
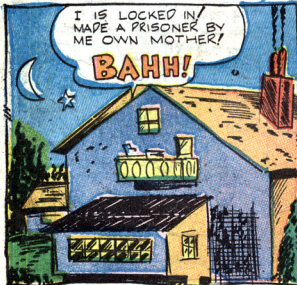
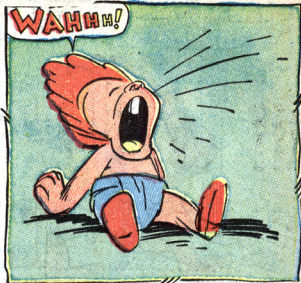


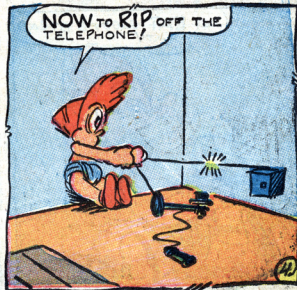
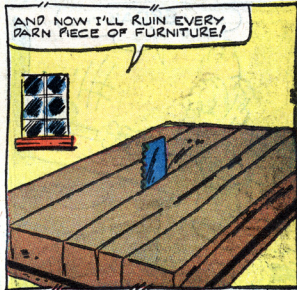
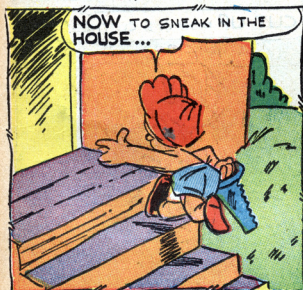
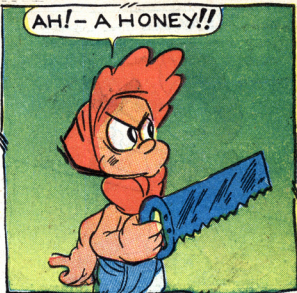
TELL THE KITT  
YOU'RE SORRY!

I IS  
SORRY CAT!  
I WAS JUST  
KIDDIN'!



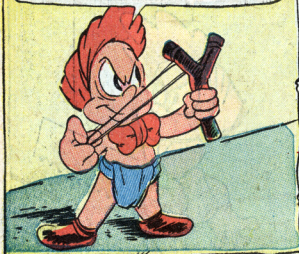




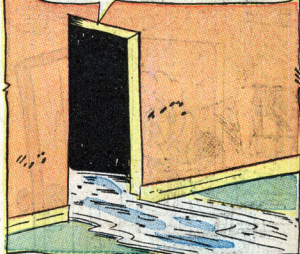




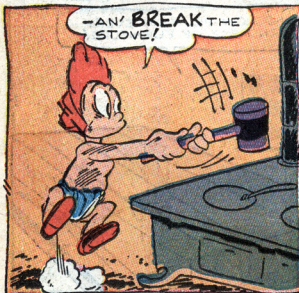
I'LL BREAK ALL THE LIGHTS



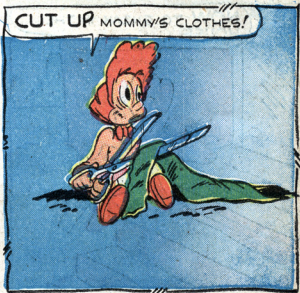
I'LL FLOOD THE BATH ROOM!



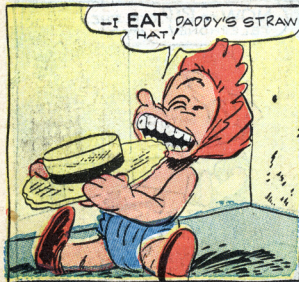
-AN' BREAK THE STOVE!



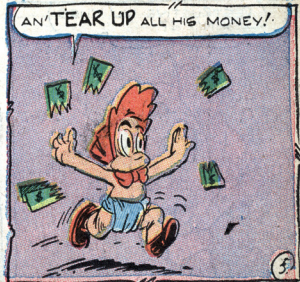
CUT UP MOMMY'S CLOTHES!

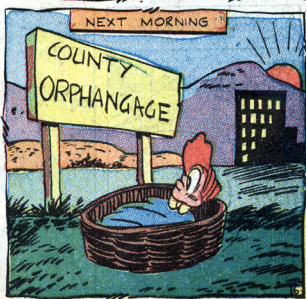
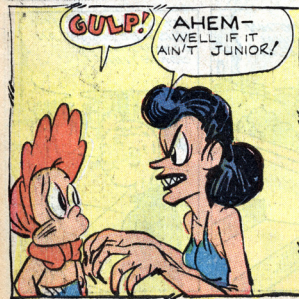
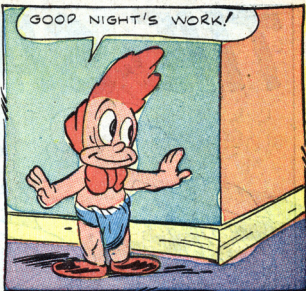
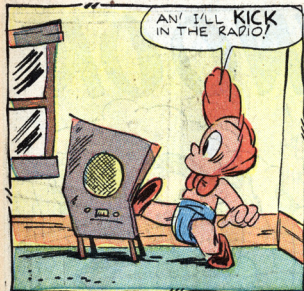


-I EAT DADDY'S STRAW HAT!



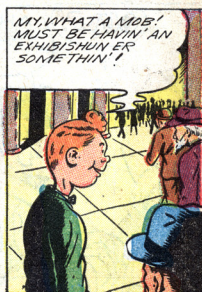
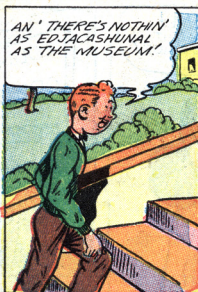
AN' TEAR UP ALL HIS MONEY!

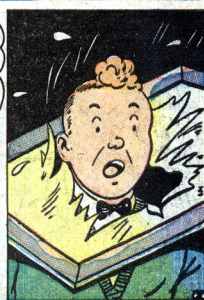
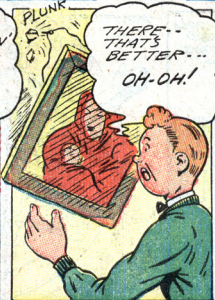
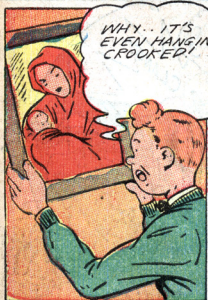
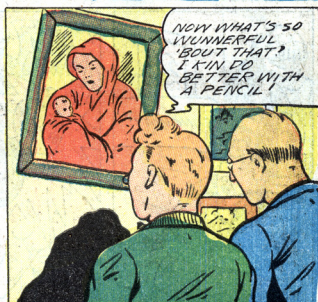
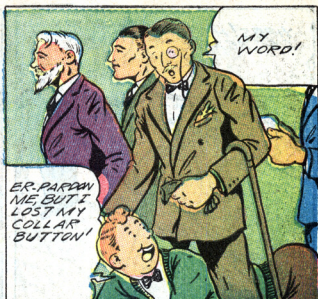




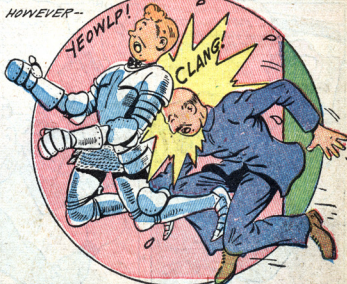
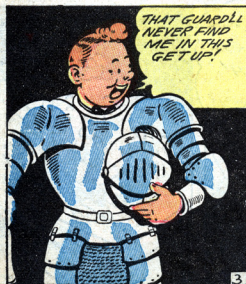
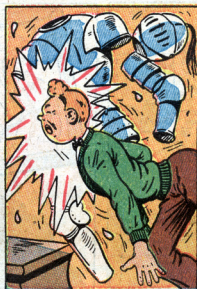
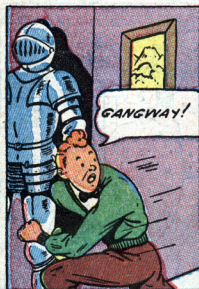
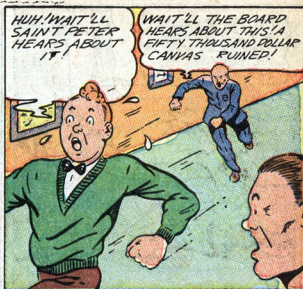
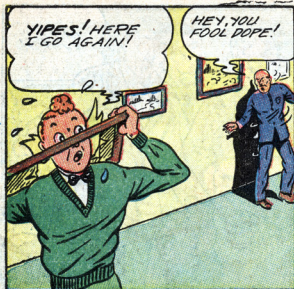


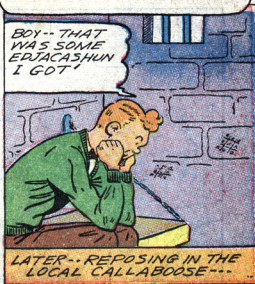
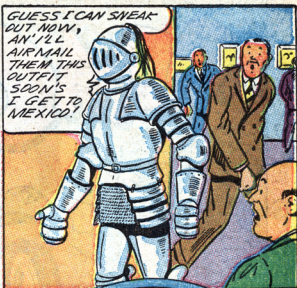
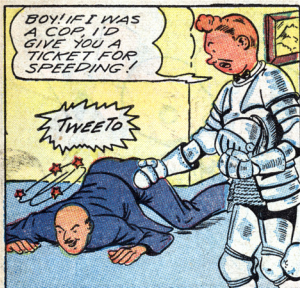
# THE SHNOOK





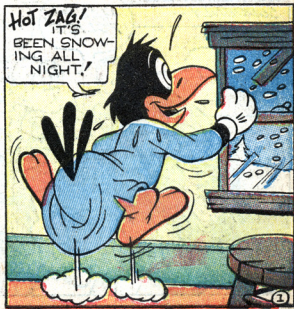
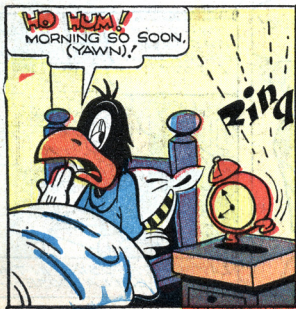
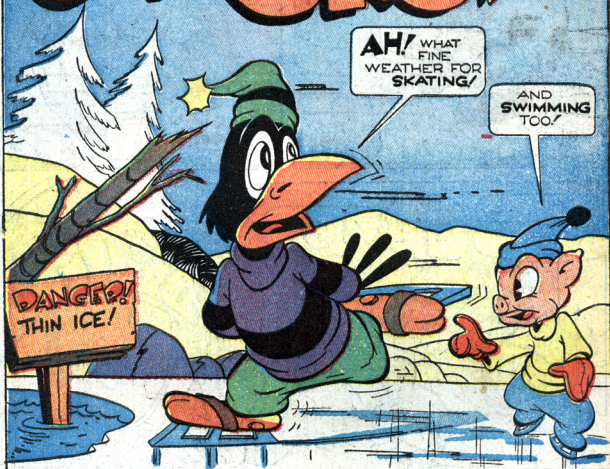






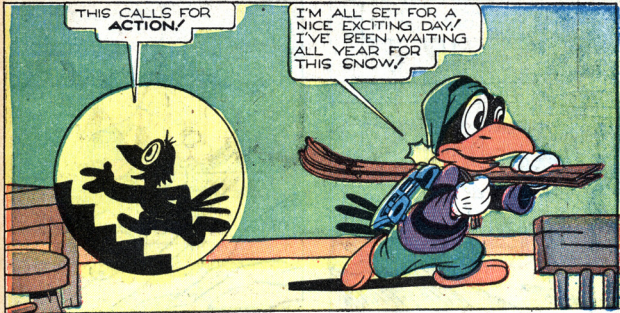


# JIM CROW

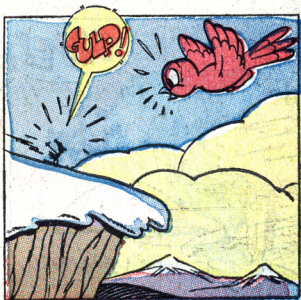


THIS CALLS FOR  
ACTION!

I'M ALL SET FOR A  
NICE EXCITING DAY!  
I'VE BEEN WAITING  
ALL YEAR FOR  
THIS SNOW!



I'LL START OFF  
WITH A LITTLE  
SKIING!



EEOWEE!





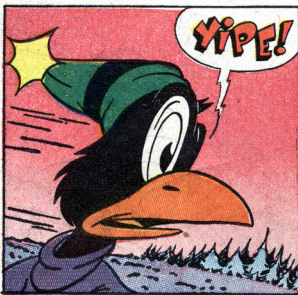
I'LL MAKE IT THIS  
TIME, DOGGONE IT!



NOTHING CAN  
STOP ME!



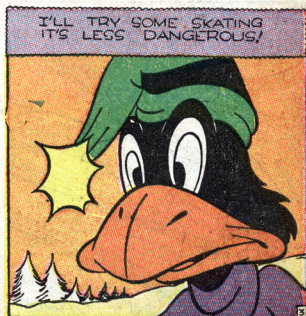
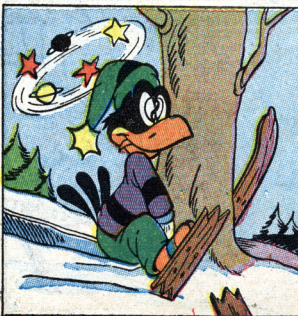
YIPE!

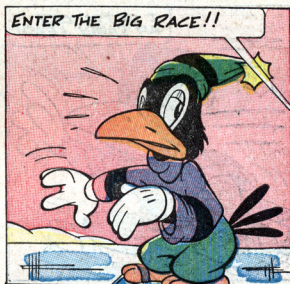
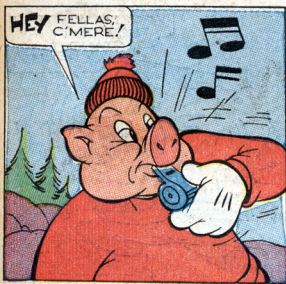
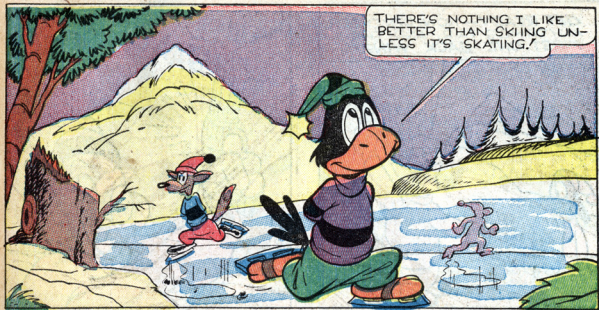


OW!  
CRASH!



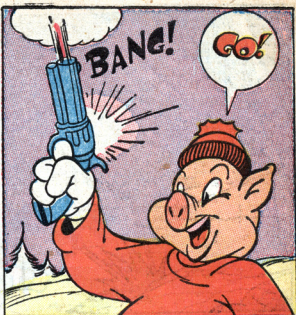
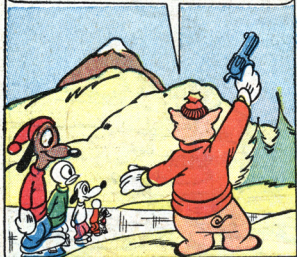
I'LL TRY SOME SKATING  
IT'S LESS DANGEROUS!







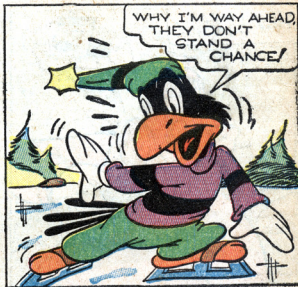
GET READY--NOW REMEMBER,  
ANYTHING'S FAIR, AND THE  
FIRST ONE BACK WINS!



I GOTTA GET  
AN EARLY LEAD!



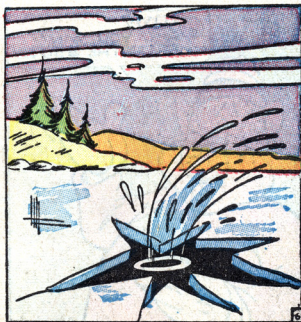
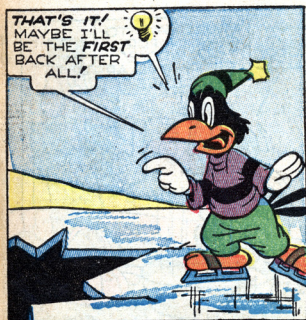
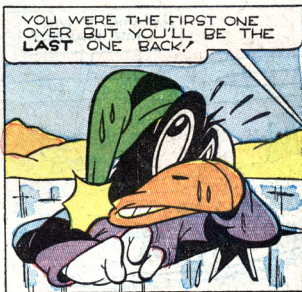
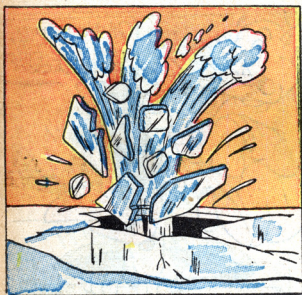
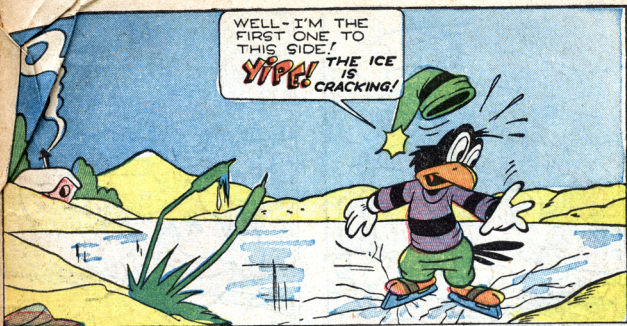
WHY I'M WAY AHEAD,  
THEY DON'T  
STAND A  
CHANCE!



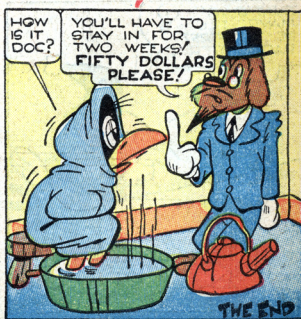
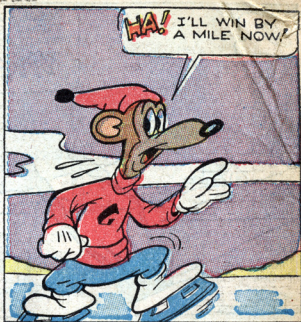
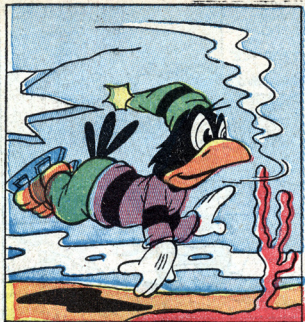
LET HIM GO AHEAD!  
HE'LL FIND THE  
THIN ICE FOR US!

I GET  
YUH!









*Win*  
\$1000.00  
IN CASH

*Win*  
A YEAR'S  
SUPPLY  
OF NYLONS

*Just give this*



*perfume a name*

#### HERE ARE THE FACTS TO HELP YOU WIN:

Now known as "FORMULA 707" our secret formula perfume, is at last ready for the pleasure of America's smartest women. It has a scent which arouses so many exotic thoughts that we leave it to you to give this sensational perfume a name! This perfume will sell at \$25.00 an ounce in leading stores. As a special offer you get the regular \$7.50 size for only \$1.

#### HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Order the generous size, regularly \$7.50, of "FORMULA 707" perfume with an entry blank for only \$1.00.
2. Return the entry blank with the name you give for this perfume and your size nylons.

Your money will be refunded if you return the perfume, but the name you submit will remain in the contest and have a chance to win. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize \$1,000.00. The next 25 prizes are each a year's supply of nylons (12 pairs). Decisions of the judges will be final. Contest closes midnight December 25th, 1946. Winners will be announced on or before December 31st, 1946. Families and employees and advertising agency of Lovely Lady Perfume Labs, ineligible to enter contest.

#### Mail Coupon

\*\*\*

WIN ONE OF THE  
MANY PRIZES

LOVELY LADY PERFUME CO., Dept. A  
152 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Please send the \$7.50 size "FORMULA 707" perfume and an official entry card, for only \$1.00.—My money will be refunded if not satisfied, but the name I submit will remain in the contest and have a chance to win.

- ☐ I enclose \$1. Send the perfume and an official entry card.  
☐ I enclose \$2. Send two \$7.50 size perfumes and two entry cards.  
☐ I enclose \$..... Send..... perfume at \$1 each and an entry card with each bottle

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

ZONE.....

STATE.....



• WHY BE FAT?

# REDUCE

*the lazy way*

**NO EXERCISE! NO LAXATIVES!**

**LOSE 8 to 10 LBS. A MONTH!**

*Slim down to your own  
lovely figure!*

Just follow simple scientific directions of Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan. Six to eight weeks from now, look in mirror and see the amazing difference.

*given with order:*

With our order you are given a full 30 days supply of KELPIDINE for use as part of your breakfast each day. NOTE: There is Medical Authority that KELPIDINE (fucus) has been used as an anti-fat and as an aid to reducing.

*No risk trial offer:*

You can try Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan without it costing you a cent. Just order with coupon and if you are not satisfied, or if it is not helpful in your case, return it to us and your money will be refunded in full. Nothing could be fairer. Act now!

*Users say:*

"I went from a size 20 dress to a size 15". Mrs. N. C., Perth Amboy, N. J.  
"I lost 18 pounds; feel young and work better". Mrs. K. Y., Bronx, N. Y.  
"Send the \$2.00 size, I lost 15 pounds already". Mrs. M. D., Boonton, N. J.  
"I lost 15 lbs. in a few weeks". Mrs. J. P., Jacksonville, Florida.  
"I am proud to say I have lost 10 lbs. in 4 weeks". Mrs. W. B., Fort Lewis, Wash.



**A Leading Physician and Health Officer says:**

"This method of reducing includes sufficient quantity of the various essential foods necessary for the maintenance of health...it should result in weight reduction..."

**A Well Known Radio Nutritionist says:**

"KELPIDINE is a reducing aid".

**\$1.00**

**FULL 30-DAY SUPPLY**

**American Healthaids Co., YB  
871 Broad St., Newark 2, N.J.**

**MAIL  
COUPON**

Enclosed find \$1.00 for one months supply of KELPIDINE and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, to be sent to me postage prepaid. My money will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

Name

Address

City

☐ I ENCLOSE \$2.00 SEND THE PLAN AND THREE MONTHS SUPPLY.

# KELPIDINE

**Money-Back Guarantee**